Plex Romer.

Mike was distracted...
And uh, again... Sorry.
Don't come back.
Well, *Mike* won't be coming back, but *Tony Walnut* sure as hell will.
I wonder how many men she's been with... If I could *be* with her as *two* different men...
TAXI!
Good cop, bad cop... One tender, one mean... Easy does it, man.
Presto Pete!
So much could yet go wrong...

Sea level.
Great. Shut the damn curtains already. *That ain't your wife, pally.*
Low point, threshold...
Vanishing... Like a zoo and a sewer rolled into one down here... Maybe Joe's fallen in.
Little hoss got a backbone like a sapling... He *knows* what he's weak for...
I'm running low on hope.
I'm not gonna last *ten minutes* out there...
Christ. It's worse this way. How many ...*people* is that? What is it about the sea?
RRRRRRR
RRR
Great. Now I'm gonna be late. Fuck you Joe. *Fuck* you.

A patience, tried.
Good morning. Now. Dearly bereaved... Joyce--
Look, I've got to take off.
MIKE!
--With that tube machine feeding her she had all that extra *energy.* That's how come she kept alive this whole time.
She *loved* that tube. Damn *hate machine.* There isn't fish enough in the whole *world* could get poor Manny to come.
The weed that parts the stone... A breach... *Light... Air...*
I'm out past the flags here Deb. I've really got to take off. No kidding.
Nasty woman... I'll hate her for-ever.
Dunhills and gin... She wore it like perfume... All occasions...
--A case of something cheap and a carton of cigarettes, I can hold a *seance!*
Hmmn... They're always sticking these places under flight-paths... *Up, up and away...* The constant roar of jet engines...
Six feet is still too shallow if you ask me...

And not a second too soon. *Fuck.* Presto Pete is *my man!*
MIKE!
Joey!? Christ, man!
Sorry, Mike. I know, I just got wet busy.
The day, the wind, *fate*... On a dime...
Bleugh!
I kept expecting her to turn up. Totally forgot.
This is me. I found the mini-fridge a couple months ago. Life saver, that is.
Joe. Sweet set-up, man. What say we take a load off?
The two men soon caught up.
And though by now at ease, Mike wanted a guarantee, a lock on his mood. To *savour.*
--Buck up, Joe. You've got your shack, your Venus Williams photo, the *mini-fridge*... Hey.
Huh? Wh--? Oh. Damn. Man. I went away for minute there. *Unnghhh.*
In the glowing sun in the town square, the sandstone blocks were eager to share their aeon-kept and glorious warmth...
Take the rest... Shit. Mike, I've got to tell you something, man... It's Deb. *Your Deb.* I've got it bad for her.
Shiiit Joooeeey Whaaat theee heeell aaare iiin theeese thiiings...?
So it is from light, *truth*...
A flower's forever blooming...
And now a pocketful of capsuled and rattling future sunshines...

She hasn't been visiting her sister, Mike... *Shit...*
Sky above, Earth below... *Perfect.*
And nanna had plenty of kick right up to the end, fuck!!
A star is born... God *damn* Joe's got pep! That's unbelievable!
Charmed... Blessed...
Oh. Of course. Deb would have been all over this... Wouldn't say no to little *seance* myself...
Joe's... *ways...* So many peace-full afternoons... ...Me and Manny *loved* it when she visited her sister...
Her footprints... It's been Joe this *whole time...*
I don't have to get him a *card* do I?
Maybe... Maybe I could... *Tony Walnut* Deb... *Wow...* Another star is born...
And I'd be a lot closer to the *painkillers...* *Ohn.* Crashing... Tiny damn bed.
Fin.